

## Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand. Sound.

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,  
Is King Richard seated:

But shall we weare these Glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last.

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,

To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:

Young Edward liues, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my louing Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha? am I King? tis so: but Edward liues.

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should liue true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine? I with the Bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buck. Give me some litle breath, some pawle, deare Lord,

Before I positiuely speake in this:

I will resolute you herein presently. Exit Buck.

Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,

And vnrespective Boyes: none are for me,

That looke into me with considerate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold

Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:

Gold were as good as twentie Orators,

And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrel.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,

Boy.

Exit.

The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.

Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd,

And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes?

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset

As I heare, is fled to Richmond,

In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, tumor it abroad,

That Anne my Wife is very grievous sicke,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:

The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out,

That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.

About it, for it stands me much vpon

To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me,

I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:

Murder her Brothers, and then marry her,

Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in

So farr in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,

Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,

Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:

Hearke, come hither Tyrrel,

Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, Whist.

There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,

The late request that you did found me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke

vnto it.

Buck. My Lord, I claime the gift, my due by promise,

For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,

Th' Earldome of Hertford, and the mouables,

Which you haue promised I shall possesse.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she conuey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt

Did propheticke, that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peeuish Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolute me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Exit.

Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice

With such contempt? made I him King for this?

O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearefull Head is on. Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,

The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

## Scena

Enter old Qu.

Mar. So now prosper

And drop into the rotten m

Heere in these Confinnes sli

To watch the waining of m

A dire induction, am I w

And will to France, hoping

Will proue as bitter, blacke

Withdraw thee wretched d

Enter Dutche

Qu. Ah my poore Prin

My vnblowd Flowres, ney

If yet your gentle soules fly

And be not fixt in doome p

Houer about me with your

And heare your mothers La

Mar. Houer about her,

Hath dim'd your Infant mo

Dut. So many miseries

That my woe-wearied ton

Edward Plantagenet, why a

Mar. Plantagenet doth

Edward for Edward, payes a

Qu. Wilt thou, O God,

And throw them in the int

When didst thou sleepe, w

Mar. When holy Har

Dut. Dead life, blind figh

Woes Scene, Worlds sham

Breefe abstract and record

Rest thy vnrest on England

Vnlawfully made drunke v

Qu. Ah that thou woul

As thou canst yeeld a mel

Then would I hide my bon

Ah who hath any cause to

Mar. If ancient forrov

Giue mine the benefit of sig

And let my greefes frowne

If sorrow can admit Societ

I had an Edward, till a Rich

I had a Husband, till a Rich

Thou had'st an Edward, till

Thou had'st a Richard, till

Dut. I had a Richard too

I had a Rutland too, thou h

Mar. Thou had'st a Cla

And Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennell of th

A Hell-hound that doth hu

That Dogge, that had his

To worry Lambes, and lap

That foule defacer of Gods

That reignes in gauled eye

That excellent grand Tyr

Thy wombe let loose to ch

O vpright, iust, and true-di

How do I thanke thee, that

Exeunt.